

And this the noble Bodie : I am sotted,
Vtterly lost : My Virgins faith has fled me :
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
Now if my Sister ; More for *Palamon*,
Stand both together : Now, come aske me Brother,
Alas, I know not : aske me now sweet Sister,
I may goe looke ; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
That having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,
Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir ?

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you newes : The Knights are come.

Emil. To end the quarrell ?

Gent. Yes.

Emil. Would I might end first :
What sinnes have I committed, chaste *Diana*,
That my unspotted youth must now be soyl'd
With blood of *Princes* ? and my Chastitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
Two greater, and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie ?

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theseus. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any meanes, I long to see 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire Knights : Now my faire Sister,
You must love one of them.

Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely

Enter Messengers. Curtin.

Thes. Who saw 'em ?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Thes. From whence come you Sir ?

Mess. From the Knights.

Thes.

Thes. Pray speake
You that have seene them, what they are.

Mess. I will Sir,
And truly what I thinke : Six braver spirits
Then these they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of : He that stands
In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,
(His very lookes so say him) his complexion,
Nearer a browne, than blacke ; sterne, and yet noble,
Which shewes him hardy, fearelesse, proud of dangers :
The circles of his eyes show faire within him,
And as a heated Lyon, so he lookes ;
His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and shining
Like Ravens wings : his shoulders broad, and strong,
Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword
Hung by a curious Bauldricke ; when he frownes
To scale his will with, better o' my conscience
Was never Souldiers friend.

Thes. Thou ha'st well describde him,

Per. Yet a great deale short

Me thinkes, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

Thes. Pray speake him friend.

Per. I ghesse he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater ; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't :
Hee's somewhat bigger, then the Knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter ; His complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy : he has felt
Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his owne : In's face appears
All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a setled valour
(Not tainted with extreames) runs through his body,
And guides his arme to brave things : Feare he cannot,
He shewes no such soft temper, his head's yellow,
Hard bay'd, and curld, thicke twind like Ivy tops,
Not to undoe with thunder ; In his face

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